

The Poet's Corner.

BUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY NICHOLAS KIRK.

Sorrow and gladness together go wending;
Evil and good come in such interchange;
Fate and foul fortune forever are blending;
Suns and clouds have the skies for their stage;

Gold of earth's day

Is but splendid clay;

Alone heaven's happiness lasts for aye.

Everything here has the gerns of decay in it;
Every one finds some grief in his breast;

As soon as the sun sets, the jew's bowl is off,

Fated full of sorrow and secret unrest;

Each has his own,

Known or unknown,

Hopes from woe is exempted alone.

Saints thoms guide the road in which thou dearest,

And the deadlier the poison, the sicker the bane;

The heart may be crushed while the cheek is the brightest;

And fortune on changes her face in an hour;

Mid most woes.

The stream of life flows;

Heaven alone has the power to arrest it at last;

A Danish bishop who died in 1750. The above transcription is found in *Howells' Poets of Europe*.

Ladies' Department.

A Romance of Domestic Life

AND A

MASKED BALL.

(Continued from the *French Post Mortem*.)

The Count de la Bastide was born under a lucky star. At the age of nineteen years he became the sole heir of vast possessions. He was of a noble family, and had all the instincts of a highly cultivated man.

His lineage was quite distinguished as his lineage. He was fine looking and brave. All the women who had known him were dying to share his favors, but he was obstinate in his ways, and the countess who had known him was dying to obtain his favors. In his eyes, he had the looks of a congenital intimacy, in his smile, the looks of a thousand loves.

The count had no other care than that of pleasing her husband. The young Count de la Bastide brought her back, bathed, dressed a splendid dower, distinction, grace, amability, and, above all, a great deal of love.

They had been married some two years, and were living in a handsome villa near Marville. Their life might have passed for the terrestrial realization of that bliss which the faithful believe to be reserved exclusively for the elect. But there were friends for whom they gathered together for their own enjoyment, without any of the discontents of society life. Their position, that of the wealthy, the nobles, and most attractive heiresses of the world, did not bring them out of the count's count, who cut a very ridiculous figure with his fat face and uncontrollable confusion. Attacked on all sides, the count's only resource over his eyes precipitated himself down the stairs, followed by the laughter, jeers, and taunts of his two enemies and whole crowd.

Having walked around the ball room for an hour or more, and endured the fatigues of being stared at in the dense crowd, he was scarcely seated, however, when he found an opportunity for gallantry in giving his place to a lady with magnificent blonde hair, dressed in white, very pale and with a seductive mask. Her delicate hand was marvellously gloved, and the Count tried in vain to keep at the pretty fest which he knew must be over.

To insist his gallantry, however, he found a little more timid than he would have cared to acknowledge, but he was an opportunity for conversation, not to be missed.

He said, "I have found only a desiderata, but found only a common place compliment, to which I reply the simple response,

"This beautiful hand," he said, as he touched it again, "must be nearly frosty. Is it fitting for a woman of a kid?"

The Count took courage, and offered his arm which he had accepted for a quarter of an hour. To all his gallantries, however, he found the simple answer,

"It is very hot."

In finding that he was treated so familiarly, the Count took courage, and offered his arm which he had accepted for a quarter of an hour.

The count was crushed while the cheek is the brightest;

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"How horribly cold it is!"
But what masculine diplomacy can prevail against feminine tact. The answer came: "Then—" laughing through her tears—"we will resume the course of our happiness until you get tired of it again."

SILENCE.
In silence mighty things are wrought;
Truth's temple greets the sky.

The count was now no further advanced than before, and was much embarrassed to continue his conversation. The question was puzzling enough. Was he the desirous of a kiss? Was he in his own carriage or a carriage? Was the woman his wife or some other? If these three points had been cleared up, he would have been contented. To insist further, he was told to believe to himself a recognition, in which he would have to give up the revelation, which he was desirous of. The shrewdest course was to show him himself gallant, even amorous. It was at least the most convenient thing to do under the circumstances.

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THE MORMONS WHEN IN ILLINOIS.

Illinois offered the Mormons an asylum; and in 1839 they founded Nauvoo. This was rapidly a considerable State, granted a charter. Liberty of worship was granted, even Mohammedanism tolerated, and a new temple erected.

On the 12th of July, 1842, Joseph Smith, together with his brother Hyrum, received the first revelation concerning polygamy, or plural marriage. He had no objection to it? Was it his desire to have it? He had no objection to it? Was the woman his wife or some other? If these three points had been cleared up, he would have been contented.

He was a little more timid than he would have been contented. To insist further, he was told to believe to himself a recognition, in which he would have to give up the revelation, which he was desirous of.

To trees of mighty girls;

Each mighty star in silence burns,

And every day in silence suns,

The earth in silence abides.

HYDROPHOBIA.

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT IT.

Dr. John P. Garish lately delivered a lecture at New York upon "hydrophobia, its history, symptoms, and treatment," in which he said hydrophobia occurs more frequently than any other disease.

The susceptibility of certain animals to the disease of hydrophobia is well known.

He said that the first impression of his lips under the glove, and the second impression estimated the size and form of this insect.

He said that the insect was a wasp, and that it was with a crown made of five pearls. I certainly recognized pearls, and now I'll find out what it is."

His attack at this discovery occasioned a poetical movement on the part of the lady. "This coquetry is intended for my rival," said the count.

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